



Dragons of Tamriel



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Chapter 1 by Jack Frost

When Ysgramor came to Tamriel in the Merethic Era, his people brought with them a faith that worshiped animal gods. Foremost among all animals was the dragon, or drah-gkon in the ancient Nordic tongue. Occasionally the term dov-rha is used, derived from dovah, the dragons' name for themselves. Using either name was forbidden to all except the Dragon Priests. Many of the temples built to honor the dragons survive today as ancient ruins, haunted by draugr and undead dragon priests.

Dragons embraced their role as man's god-kings. In their eyes, they were clearly superior to the tiny, frail, and short-lived beings that worshiped them. To dragons, power equals truth, and their power over men was indisputable evidence of their superiority. In exchange for the obedience of their priests, the dragons granted small amounts of power to them, bestowing magical masks upon their most favored priests. In turn, the dragon priests ruled over men, wielding authority equal to the kings.

In Atmora, where Ysgramor and his people came from, the dragon priests demanded tribute and created laws which kept the peace between dragon and man. In Tamriel, their rule was quite different. It's unclear if this was due to an ambitious dragon priest, or a particular dragon,

or a series of weak kings. Whatever the cause, the dragon priests began to rule with an iron fist, making virtual slaves of the rest of the land.

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When the populace rebelled, the dragon priests failed to collect the tribute and their control over the masses began to slip. The dragons' response was swift and brutal. This began the Dragon War.

Chapter 2 by Spirit



That's where I am today.

War is a very powerful, and terrifying thing. Especially when you're pinned up against giant, godlike lizards. I had no idea what the population of Atmora was thinking when they rebelled. There was no way that we'd win. The dragons, or as they called themselves 'gods' had power beyond our mortal understanding. Magic, a power that man had lost control of long ago, was still in the claws of the giant winged gods that ruled over us. They hadn't shown themselves to anyone but the dragon priests in a long time, but I figured that that was going to change. Soon.

When it did, I knew that we all would bathe in a sea of fire.

People now were invigorated by the tales of men killing dragons, brave knights fighting against the giant magical beasts. They didn't realize that those were just myths, fairy tales. No man, save a powerful sorcerer would ever have the power.

I thought this as I stood with the battalion, listening to the rebels preach. Preach about freedom from the tyrant gods that ruled over us. They were so hopeful, so confident that they could beat the dragons. They preached of numbers, they preached of strength among the people. However, I knew that all was lost by now. They would crush us.

My name is Eldrich Rowe, and I am a rebel. This is the story of the war between dragons and men. The impossible war, the suicide march, the fool's rebellion.

I stood in a crowd of hopeful rebels as it happened. A giant battle ax was strapped over my back, my long, unkempt blonde hair flowing down my black steel armor.

A man was preaching about good tidings, and freedom from the dragons. Freedom from the gods. I knew however that this was not possible, however, I still fought. Fought for what I believed in.

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He was interrupted by an explosion. The side of the warehouse that we were hiding out in exploded. Fragments of wood flew throughout the room as shrapnel would from a grenade, ripping through the limbs of a portion of the people standing there.

The shock from the explosion threw me five feet backwards. My cold steel armor hit the dirt floor with a loud 'CRASH!' However, to me the sound was faint. Everything sounded faint. For a moment I was confused, completely and totally stunned. Then I realized what had happened.

They were here.

I struggled to get up, as my giant battle ax encumbered me, and made it harder for me to stand. I knew that this was the end.

That was when they entered.

Chapter 3 by Kaaleb Hull



Dragons of another kind they war armour and had weapons

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